

218  
O! I hae seen the Rascal blaw.

To which are added,

219  
Maggie's Charms.

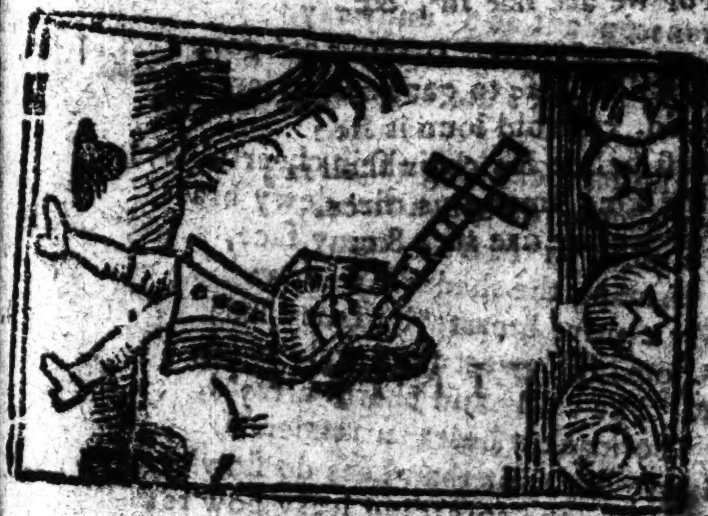
Three Herring in Sa't.

21  
With the

MATD'S ANSWER.

Dinna think, bonny Lassie,

SOMEBODY.



Striving, Printed by M. Randall.

1851  
O! I hae seen the Roses blaw,

O! I hae seen the roses blaw,  
The heather bloom, the broom an' a',  
The lily spring as white as snaw,  
Wi' a' their native splendor:  
Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,  
As fresh an' fair as Flora queen,  
Mair satel' than the branching bean,  
And like the ivy s'ender.  
In nature like a summer day,  
Transcendant as a sunny ray,  
Her shape and air is frank an' gay,  
Wi' a' that's sweet and tender,

While lavrocks sing their cheerfu' lays,  
An' shepherds brush the dewy braes,  
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,  
Among the shades I wander.  
My captive breast, (by fancy led)  
Adores the sweet the lovely maid,  
Wi' a' her smile and charm array'd,  
To make a heart surrender.  
I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,  
Or birks the spreading leasy bow'rs;  
Her presence yields me what the show'rs,  
To hills and valleys tender.

Could I obtain my charmer's love,

Mair stable than a rock I'd prove;  
 For the meekness of a dove,  
 To ilka pleasure hand her;  
 If she wad like a shepherd lad,  
 I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,  
 Upon the hill tune up the reed,  
 An' wi' a sang commend her.  
 For her I'd live a life remote;  
 Wi' her I'd love a rustic cot,  
 There bless kind fortune for my lot,  
 And ilka comfort lend her.

*Montelis's Charms.*

WHEN poets lavish all their store,  
 to paint a mistress gay;  
 They prove not how their souls adore  
 but what their muse can say  
 Fame, the great object of their vows,  
 by various names they woo;  
 And, while to beauty fancy bows,  
 their souls a breath pursue.

Me no such vain ambition moves—  
 ye bards, enjoy your fame!  
 My heart can simply say it loves,  
 and brave Montelis's name.  
 Montelis's charms so far excel,  
 they make my soul their slave;  
 She's more at least, than I can tell;  
 and all I wish to have!



### THREE HERING IN SA'T,

MY daddie is dead and left me some lan',  
lase gin ye lo'e me tell me true;  
An' aft-times I ma gang to the barn,  
an' I canna win ilka day to woo.

I hae corn will soon be made meal,  
lase gin ye lo'e me tell me now;  
An' I hae barley to mak some kail,  
an' I canna com: ilka day to woo.

I ha'e laid thret herring in sa't,  
lase gin ye lo'e m: tell me now;  
I ha'e brewn a forpet o' ma't,  
an' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a ca'f will soon be a cow,  
lase gin ye lo'e me tell me now;  
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,  
an' I canna come ony mair to woo!

I ha'e a hou'e on yonder muir,  
lase gin ye lo'e me tell me now,  
Three sparrows may dance upo' the floor,  
an' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a butt an' I hae a bean,  
lase gin ye lo'e me tak me now;  
I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,  
an' I canna come ony mair to woo?

I ha'e a mare that is coal-black,  
lase gin ye lo'e me tell me now;  
I sit on her udder to save her back,



an' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a cock that craws fou crouse,  
lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now;

I ha'e a cat that wi'l catch a mouse,  
an' I canna c'me ony mair to woo.

I ha'e a hen wi' a happy leg,  
lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now;

Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
an' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a kebbuck upo' the shie f,  
lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now;

I downa eat it a' myself,  
an' I canna come ony mair to woo.

### THE MAID'S ANSWER

WHAT care I for your herring in sa't I

laddie I like to f'li thee true;

I care nae a fig for your forpit o' ma't;

hie ye needna come here that way to woo.

A little cart I for your house i' the mair;

e'en that my lad winna bribe me now;

Though fifty lounk cou'd d'ce i' the floor,

feul sa' me gin that wou'd bring me too.

Sae brag n' mair o' your butts and benches,

laddie that's na the gate to woo.

Though ye had a hundred cocks and hens,

they n'er wad gar me tak ye now.

As for your hen, wif the harpity leg,  
 laddie ye're either dait or fou!  
 D'ye think that I can dine on ae egg?  
 'deed friend ye're making gem o' me now.

Ye say ye've a pig will soon be a sow,  
 laddie I like the truth to tell;  
 When ye brag o' your ca's, hat'll soon be a cow,  
 I'm fice'd ye're but a ca's your'ell.

An' for your kebbock upo' the skelf,  
 hark, an' I'll tell you how to do;  
 You maun ta'k o' na' thing but luv for luv,  
 for that's the gate a young lass to woo.

Far gin I can'd think you liket me weel,  
 laddie I tell you trul' naw:  
 I wad leave my dady and minnie a weel,  
 and blythly the night gang a' wi' you.

*Dinna think bonny lassie.*

O dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,  
 Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,  
 Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,  
 I'll tak a stick into my hand an' come again an' see  
 you.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang, &c. — [eerie  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang, &c. — [leave me  
 O stay this ae night wi' your love & dinna gang &

It's but a night and half a day that I'll leave my  
dearie,

It's but a night and half a day, &c.

It's but a night and half a day, &c.

Whenever the sun gaes west the loch I'll come  
in and see thee,

Dinna gang my benny lad dinna gang & leave me  
Dinna gang my bonny lad &c.

When a' the lave are sound asleep I'm dull and  
eerie,

And a' the lee lang night I'm sad wi' thinking on  
[my dearie,

O dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,

Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,

Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,

Whenever the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again  
and see thee;

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an,  
fear me,

Waves are risin' o'er the sea, &c.

Waves are risin' o'er the sea, &c. [leave me!

And gin ye loe me as ye say ye winna gae and

O never mair bonny lassie will I gang and lea thee,

Never mair bonny lassie, &c

Never mair bonny lassie, &c. [cheer thee!

E'en let the world gae as it will I'll come again an'

Frae his hand he coost the stick, I winna gang and  
leave thee,

Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve



8  
Draw his boots, an' hang them by, come my lass  
be cheerie,

I'll kiss the tear free off thy cheek an' never leave  
my dearie,

### SOME BODY

SWERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,  
And had not where to lay my head,  
I'd creep where yonder socks do feed,  
And steal a look at somebody.  
My own dear somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,  
And may be number'd with the best,  
Then shall thy artless feeling breast,  
Throb with regard for somebody.  
Ah! will you drop one pining tear,  
And sigh for the old somebody.

But should I ever live to see,  
That form so much admir'd by me,  
Then would my constancy reward,  
And make me blest with somebody.  
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,  
And I'll be blest with somebody.

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